

TULSA DAILY WORLD

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I, E. E. Scott, circulation manager, do solemnly swear that the average net paid circulation of The Tulsa Daily and Sunday World for the month of November, 1919, was 24,889, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. E. Scott, Circulation Manager
Subscribed and sworn before me this 24 day of December, 1919
MAYNARD K. SMITH, Notary Public

PHONE 6000 FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8.

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence and his children shall have a place of refuge Prov. 14:26.

Fear him, ye saints, and ye shall then have nothing else to fear; Make you his service your delight, Your wants shall be his care.

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, Prov. 14:27.

As to a few days of clean, pleasant weather, the weather man has our permission to life when ready.

It is distressing to learn that the style makers have decreed still shorter skirts for the coming season. We are very much concerned to know whether the style makers recognize any limit in that direction.

"We are Americans all." With this announcement the coal miners of Jefferson City announced their determination to return to the mines and resume their occupation. That sounds like the real thing.

The capital of the republic is at Washington. There is the visible head of the state—of all authority. Yet the eyes of the nation are turned to Indianapolis where a single man of no great physical stature, seems to be alone in his determination to prove the government's right to protect the whole people.

WILL THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SPLIT?

The esteemed Oklahoman is very much concerned about the matter. In its issue of December 5, under the above caption, it asks the question:

Will the republican party split upon the peace treaty issue, nominate two candidates for president in the campaign of 1920, and thus insure the easy election of the democratic presidential nominee?

Then in an editorial of a column-and-a-half length, being guided all the way by the anxious hope that such may be the case, it attempts to answer the question in the affirmative.

To such desperate straits has come the proud, arrogant and bitterly partisan cause of three years ago! No hope for success unless those who are opposed to it divide into warring camps, filled with the gnawing premonitions of a humiliating defeat it almost crawls to the feet of its adversaries and begs them not to make its own policies the issue in the campaign.

It may seem cruel to do it, but nevertheless it seems necessary to assure the Oklahoman that the republican party will not split, because in giving that assurance the knell of a forlorn hope is sounded.

Never mind about the peace treaty issue. It will take care of itself. Whether the league covenant is accepted with reservations or whether it remains where it now reposes, the big, outstanding, attractive and altogether necessary issue of next year will be nationalism rampant. It will be brought down to the easily understood campaign for straight-out unadorned, unhyphenated, uncompromising Americanism.

On that issue the republican party will take its stand, and not on the petty quibbles and issues of partisanship and partisanship. Every issue before the country will be covered by a clean-slip plank in the platform. And every plank of the platform from that on foreign affairs and the league to the industrial situation, from Mexico to the Colombia treaty, from public finance to the tariff, will be shaped in accordance with American traditions and national ambitions.

And with it will stand the splendid manhood and womanhood of America who believe in American traditions and who have ambitions for their race, regardless of their past political affiliations. On such a platform 99 per cent of the first voters of the land will march with the republican party.

For however much it may ruffle the feelings of the esteemed Oklahoman and those who speak for, the fact remains that the next campaign is not going to be won by either the democratic or republican parties. It's going to be won by Americans for America.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

When Germany began the use of gas she ought to have known that she was forcing her opponents to adopt the same weapon, and that she in turn must defend herself against it. When the miners started to freeze a nation

into submission to their demands they could have expected nothing less than that those who controlled clothes and food as they did fuel, would in the end say: "Unless you give us fuel, we will not give you food and clothing." Self preservation is the first law of nature, and it functions when life circumstances call it into being, with the dispassionate placidity of an iceberg.

It has come to that. The Illinois Manufacturers association has started a boycott against dealers in all mining centers. One member said:

I have held up every order from a mining center. I will continue to hold up every order as long as the strike is on, and they prevent coal from coming to us. He has a right to fight with the same weapons they use.

The boycott is said to extend to all food, clothing and other necessities of life. Cruel? Possible. But natural and necessary. Chicago industries are at almost a standstill. Factories and business houses have been compelled to close for lack of fuel. Thousands and thousands of wage earners are not only thrown out of work at the most trying season of the year, but are facing privation and want and death from exposure.

The issue has long since passed the stage of private dispute between the miners and the operators. It is now a question of self-preservation. Why shouldn't the age-old primal law be invoked?

THE TUGGLE WITH HUMAN NATURE.

It's an awful tussle that our political agents are having with human nature. When one considers man as he is and the things government has set itself to do, it is plainly evident that government should have a cross of some kind pinned on its bosom for its courage—leaving judgment entirely out of the case.

From the broad, humanitarian aspect you have no right to lay in either fuel or food to meet your future demands. The ant and the bee does, and there was a time when you were told to emulate both the ant and the bee. But that is no longer vogue. There is not enough sugar and coal to go around. Therefore you must live from day to day. But it's human nature for you to take advantage of the general situation—if you can.

Again: If you find yourself with a supply of coal or sugar in excess of your own needs, and there's a crowd out front clamoring for both, you are very apt, unless you are spouting wings, to ask the assembled host to engage in a little open competition for the things you have. It's wrong. To be sure. But it's human nature.

If your services are in demand by two or more employers the chances are a hundred to one that you will play them off against each other just as far as you dare. It's immoral. But it's human nature.

The oil refiners were storing fuel oil at the same time the squirrels were storing nuts and the bees honey. Fuel oil at the time wasn't profitable, because it's difficult to think about the requirements of zero weather when the mercury is standing at a hundred flat.

With cold weather and a decline in coal production the refiners began asking the folks out front who were clamoring for their product to engage in a little open competition. The government says it's wrong and forbids it. Probably the government's right, too. But the refiners were simply reacting to the primitive instincts of the cave man.

So after all there is absolutely nothing wrong with the physical world. It's the mental attitude with respect to physical things that create all the problems and cause us to heat our heads against the bars.

If it were possible to change human nature in the mass just a trifle the whole world could be set right over night. For there isn't a thing wrong with the world—it's the people that are in it.

But government certainly deserves decorations for the courage it shows in fousting the wind-mills.

A SERIOUS CONDITION.

The lawlessness of Saturday night emphasizes a condition that has been cumulative. Crime is raging in Tulsa. And the criminals are not being apprehended. Only the police authorities can know whether or not this city is the rendezvous of an organized gang of thieves. The police should know.

It is not the present purpose of The World to blame anyone. What it wishes to point out is that the people of the city are maintaining a police department at considerable expense for the purpose of protecting themselves against the very class that is now running riot with apparent impunity.

It is not always possible to prevent crime of this nature, but it should be possible to occasionally apprehend and punish some of the criminals. Public sentiment is not always going to restrain itself.

The Okages have been crying for Justice Shinn for national attorney for the last several years. It seems to us that since the national attorney is to hold a brief for the Okages they should have the right to name him. At this distance it looks as though the department should grant their request or put something in the record showing a substantial reason why they can't have him.

Mr. Wolf, of the American Federation of Labor, denounces profit sharing as a subterfuge and sham. As we get Mr. Wolf, he is not friendly disposed towards anything that puts labor in the light of receiving justice. What he demands is the recognition of labor's right to ferry forth and grab whatever it wants.

The strike may be settled. The report is that an agreement has been reached. But the public can afford to wait particularly before celebrating. The terms of the settlement are quite important.

THE COAL STRIKE IS LOST.

It was a prominent German, we believe, who declared that wars were won not by numbers or fortunate circumstances, but by that side which will to win. That is one bit of German philosophy to which we can subscribe fully. Not only as applicable to war, but to every other human undertaking. Circumstances help, but it is the will to accomplish, based on the knowledge that your cause is just and right, that brings results.

The steel strike was lost because there was never the will to call it in the first place, and no consciousness of justice on which to build the necessary indomitable will to win it. Impossible promises were made to the workers if they would go out. Left to themselves they never would have struck. It required their ambitions, political leaders to tell them they should—that by so doing they could secure even greater wages and shorter hours. And so they struck.

But they returned to work. There was lacking the will to win. And it never exists in an unjust cause. The big mills reopened Friday. Public opinion broke the steel strike and reopened the steel mills, because public opinion would the whole thing to lose.

The coal strike is lost. There is suffering now; there may be more of it. Thousands of fellow employees—fellow union men and women—have been thrown out of employment by reason of the strike; industry has been halted, and many of the conveniences of the people cut off; there will be still more suffering and more sacrifices; there may be worse than either.

But the strike leaders have lost, because they are utterly lacking in the will to win in such a cause.

Barometer of Public Opinion

Root, Hog or Die! So, after all, it was pigs that started the war between Austria and Serbia? It's good, finally, to get at the root of the matter.—Boston Transcript.

Finally Resolved. The deportation of Emma Goldman, finally resolved upon, may still await means of getting her into bolshevik Russia without seeming to recognize the bolshevik government. Even that ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of our sources' executive. As to the justice of the step, justice tempered with mercy, there can be no question.—New York World.

Helping Themselves. Just as the British people sprang to defend themselves from the paralysis of communication and transportation threatened by the railway strike, so the Kansas people sprang to the relief of the state from a similar paralysis threatened by the strike of the bituminous coal miners; and the people of the other states dependent upon bituminous coal will show the same willingness to lend a hand.—New York Times.

It Is Possible. The issue is scarcely between the exact Wilsonian league and no league. The second draft of the covenant differed from the first, and the final draft is to differ from the second, which the president holds is unchangeable. It is practically possible to retain the good in the covenant and to guard against the bad—to have a new international covenant for peace prepared without surrendering national liberty of action.—New York Tribune.

Strict Enforcement. Perhaps the statutes against revolutionary conspirators need strengthening, but nobody knows whether they do. What the country needs is strict, uncompromising enforcement of the laws we now have, by officials with no doubts about their function, who will show no weakness in the performance of their duties. When we have had a taste of this we shall know what we ought to do in the way of enacting laws, and until we have it there is little to be gained by writing new statutes.—New York Sun.

On the Spot. Running anarchists, I. W. W.'s and communists from city to city is merely substituting one form of mob law for another. Instead of correcting the evil so far as guilt is concerned, it is spread far and wide. When the drug-net chances to include citizens or tricksters who like to trace their ancestry to the first place and a farce in the second, if every community were to deal with its own revolutionists on the spot in accordance with laws which cannot be altogether useless we should hear much less of anarchy and of the failures of the national government in fighting it.—New York World.

Conscience Hurts Him. Editor World: Owing to limited time I must be brief, but to be frank must say you are funny. Some of your editorials prove you a man—some a boy.

A few days ago you told of the coal operators making 300 to 500 per cent profit. Now you suggest taking the fuel away from the miners to force them to work. You claim they are non-producers, dimes. Why not be fair and broad-minded? What are the operators producing? That's the keystone to the unrest in our beloved country. Laziness. Every person prone to be a non-producer, a boss. Make someone else work for you.

I know because I have considerable conscience. Money I gathered by taking advantage of the working class, but intend to return in some good way.

Sometimes I don't blame those workmen to revolt when our government is being made up and justice handed out by such methods as Senator Newberry uses. We all know he is a dirty rascal and we will wish justice to keep the middle of the road and be fair. Yours for liberty. A RETIRED CONTRACTOR.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

Copyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.
Home for Christmas! There's a joy For the weary, crown up boy Or the little girl who now Feels the stars upon her brow! Home for Christmas! Back once more To the mother at the door And the old hearth with its blaze And those happy yesterdays.

Home for Christmas! There's a thrill For the soldier up the hill, For the trapper up the road, Heavy sick with his heavy load. Home for Christmas! Back to be Once again at mother's knee And to feel her kind cares In that spell of happiness.

Home for Christmas! Girl and lad Going to the kindly dad Who has waited through the year For his loved ones to appear. Home for Christmas! Back again To the simple joys and pains, To the refuge sweet with rest, Where love has made manifest.

Home for Christmas! Oh, that I Could recall the years gone by, And could know once more the bliss Of that glorious welcome kiss. Home for Christmas! Girl and man Claim that gladness while you can. Swift must come those years of pain When you'll long for home in vain.

My Husband and I
By Jane PhelpsCHAPTER VIII
While Tom was giving his order I noticed some people at a nearby table looking at us "with what seemed to me, much curiosity. Who are those people staring at us?" I asked as the waiter moved away. "They have been watching us and talking about us ever since we came in."

"Why that's Bob Henderson and his wife," I said. "I don't know who he is, but I have to go over and speak to him," and before I could say a word, or beg him not to leave me alone, Tom was striding across the room.

I sat frigidly upright in my chair, almost afraid to turn to right or left, yet consumed with curiosity as to what the people around me were doing. Tom's broad back turned to me as he bent over talking effectually prevented my seeing the Hendersons—as he had looked them, and I was so self-conscious, so embarrassed every time I caught anyone looking in my direction that had Tom not turned soon to come back to me I should have felt I couldn't ask there alone another minute he returned.

An Invitation. "The Hendersons want us to join them," he said. "I thought, eagerly, 'I wanted to say, 'No, I wouldn't, but I imagined from Tom's way of speaking and his voice, that he wanted to say very much, and as I hated to be a kill-joy, I said: 'Why, yes, if you would like it, Tom.'"

"Come along then, I'll tell the head waiter to send our order over there. I followed Tom, wishing all the time we might have had our little supper alone. I wanted to ask questions, to know who some of the lovely women and handsome men were. I was sure that Tom knew; but I couldn't ask before strangers. After I had been properly introduced, and Bob Henderson had turned his bold black eyes upon me, I wished it even more fervently. Mrs. Henderson, however, welcomed me very nicely.

"I am glad to know Tom's wife," she said as she shook hands with me. "I had known Tom ever since I was a little girl in short frocks. 'That's not so long ago,' laughed Tom, while I made a mental resolve to question Tom about her when we reached home.

I never had tasted champagne, but Bob Henderson had ordered some and both he and his wife insisted that I taste it. I didn't like it one bit, and I told them so. It tickled my nose and made me want to sneeze and choke horribly. I was positive I never should buy it because I liked it even though it was considered the thing to do.

Music Charms. The music was lovely. I found I had one accomplishment which was appreciated even in New York. I could dance, and dance well. Bob Henderson danced with me, and Tom with Mrs. Henderson. It seemed so queer to be dancing in such a public place; and another queer circumstance—at least to me—to order a hot supper, then let it get cold while dancing. But no one appeared to mind, so I of course said nothing.

After the dance we sat down and ate until the next dance. All I could think of was a dance-sandwich—food between dances. It was after 1 o'clock before Tom said anything about going home. I don't think he wanted to go even then, but he knew he had to get up in the morning, so said he must "break away."

Bob Henderson tried to get him to stay longer. I remember he said: "It's only the shank of the evening, Tom, don't be quitter!" "I'm not!" laughed Tom, "but I am a poor working man these days. Bob's not a bloated bond-holder like your lucky self."

"Blatant nothing!" parried Bob. "I've lost more money the past month I'll bet a nickel than it costs you to live a year."

"You could do that and not lose any great amount," Tom replied, I thought, regretfully.

Tomorrow—Money Question. The famous old Benedictine monastery at Krems in Austria, possesses a monumental fish pond, surrounded by stone balustrades and arcades, and the fish in this pond have, from time immemorial, been summoned to their meals by acoustic signals—in the old days by beating a drum and in modern times by ringing a hand bell.

The stars incline, but do not compel! Monday, December 8, 1919. Uranus and Venus are in benefic aspect today, according to astrology. In the evening Mars is strongly adverse.

It is a rule under which the affairs of women should prosper. Politics will claim attention from large numbers in the new year and more than one will become famous. This should be a peculiarly fortunate government for first night at the theater, the planets indicating success that will be lasting for new plays.

Actresses now come under a direction of the stars that is most propitious for those who use their talents with a sense of responsibility for high achievement.

Uranus is in a place supposed to impart spiritual and poetic vision. The planet gives promise of the recognition of many a genius in the next few years.

Children now come much into public notice because of many exposures of cruelty, lack of care and woeful waste of life. The new year may bring about government interference and efforts to protect the rising generation.

Weddings today have the best sort of guidance, the aspects promising prosperity, happiness and long life.

Mars in the evening warns of dissensions in high places and complications in public affairs that touch the well being of the people.

Critical and dangerous aspects are discerned for the coming spring and they who are wise will prepare for a grave crisis. Four months of unusual events and severe test to national institutions are prognosticated.

The stars are now interpreted to give warning that planets of evil omen will influence the masses of the people to oppose the government.

The press has the forecast of benefits and an increased public reliance upon it. An editor will attain great honors.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the anxiety of travel and change. The young will court and marry.

Children born on this day are likely to be affectionate, romantic and artistic, but impulsive and inclined to be rash.

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The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way seems to be heretofore a great deal of unnecessary worry about the coal shortage and if worst comes to worst everybody can run down to Florida for a few months.

Bennie's Notebook

Pop and me was taking a walk before supper, me asking a lot of questions and getting answers to about half, and all of a sudden I had a queer sneer around in back and wawk on the other side of him.

Which I did, saying, Pop? Questions, questions everywhere and not a drop of thaw, and pop— If horses had one leg so you think they could only run one quarter as fast? I said.

And I snuck around on the other side and kept on wawking on pop's other side, and pop said, You must be awfully thirsty for information today, why don't you ask me a hard one? And he looked down to where I use to be, and wasn't saying, where the doose are you? And he looked down on the other side, saying, How the mischief did you get over here?

Didnt you know I was heer, pop? I said. And we kept on wawking and pretty soon I sed, Do you think it would make you much smarter if you learned about 25 langwidges, pop?

And I snuck around on the other side again, and pop sed, It would other make me smarter or kill me, properly both—ware have you got to agen? Do you think my neck is made of rubber, how many places do you want to be at one time? Didnt you know I came back agen, pop? I sed.

Come up, ses, pop, and I sed, Do you think I'd make a good teleck-ive? And I quick snuck back to the other side agen, and pop sed I think you would make a better cel—confound it, now this has got to stop five axactly got a pane in the neck trying to find you.

We didnt you know I came over on this side agen, pop? I sed. This wawk has gone far enuff, to put it mildly sed pop. And we started to go back pop keeping a hold of me by the eer all the way so I couldnt change any more.

The famous old Benedictine monastery at Krems in Austria, possesses a monumental fish pond, surrounded by stone balustrades and arcades, and the fish in this pond have, from time immemorial, been summoned to their meals by acoustic signals—in the old days by beating a drum and in modern times by ringing a hand bell.

DR. ALLISON
Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
14½ East Third Street
Telephone Osage 9372

MAIN-LINE SPECIAL FLOUR

The feller that used to combine pleasure with business when he went out of town, now uses the long distance phone. "Keep 'em Home!" "Fire Brewin'" is the title of a new song by Lyle Bud.

The Big Loaf of HOLSUM Simply Has to Be Good

THERE's no "luck" or "guess-work" in the making of HOLSUM. It just has to be good.

The finest ingredients, mixed with the purest water, in the huge Automatic Mixers, then put into the proofing room, kneaded with tireless Automatic Kneaders, then baked in the giant oven and finally wrapped in clean waxed wrappers. That's the way HOLSUM is made.

In the big loaf of HOLSUM you get the finest bread ever produced. It's better because it is big. Big loaves always represent better bread quality from the same dough. The big loaf holds more of the dainty wheat flavor, is better grained, better baked, holds its moisture better, is enjoyed better, and is more economical in use, because it does not dry out nor lose its flavor.

As you eat HOLSUM the years seem to slip away in the memory of days when bread-and-butter tasted oh, so good—it "Takes You Back to Younger Days"

Tulsa Bread Company
Makers also of Butter Krust, the Leading 10c Loaf
Visitors Always Welcome